

Parappa and Lammy Have Sex

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by [xandermartin98](#)

Summary

In a story that is EXACTLY what it says on the tin (disregarding the trademark xandermartin98 brain fetishism), what starts out as Lammy simply wanting to worship Parappa's feet quickly turns into the most embarrassingly intense (and just plain embarrassing) sexual experience of the classic Playstation mascot characters' entire lives, and it's all because Guru Ant just HAD to go inside Parappa's brain and take control over his body. Go figure, am I right?

LAMMY'S PRIVATE NIGHT WITH PARAPPA

Late one rather deceptively peaceful and unassuming night in Parappa Town, Parappa had just gotten back to his stepsister Lammy's apartment and was completely exhausted, red in the face and gasping for breath...much to Lammy's unpleasant surprise when she looked up from her dishwashing duties in the kitchen and saw him shambling through the living room like a zombie.

"Oh my god, Parappa, you poor thing...tell me, who did you get in a fight with THIS time?" Lammy ran over to Parappa and asked him worriedly, squatting down to match his embarrassingly short body height, hugging him lovingly, cradling him in her arms like a precious little baby and giving him a sugary-sweet kiss on the cheek, causing him to blush immensely.

"No no, that's not what happened!" Parappa humiliatedly corrected her, waving his hands nervously at her. "What happened was that Chop Chop Master Onion told me to run all the way back home

on foot after tonight's evening lesson on...well, footwork, and so now, as you can probably imagine, I'm pretty much COMPLETELY tuckered out as a result!" Parappa explained, pulling out a handkerchief from his pocket and wiping the sweat off of his forehead while Lammy pulled out a baby bottle of water from HER pocket and made the poor adorable little pup drink it for lack of any better, less demeaning alternatives at the moment.

"WOW...well then, since you're just BARELY legally-aged now, would you mind if I gave you...umm...s-say, like a...(blush)...foot massage or something?" Lammy asked Parappa embarrassedly and reluctantly while Guru Ant (who had been unwelcomely stowed away in one of her front pants pockets for quite some time at that point) pulled an invisibility potion from HIS pocket, drank it in one big hearty gulp, then quietly came sneaking out up Lammy's torso, across one of her lovingly Parappa-cradling arms and then finally directly into the blissfully unaware little pup's left ear while Lammy carried him over into her bedroom and laid her as gently as could be on her lovely, ever-so-cushiony queen-sized bed, where he immediately fell asleep face-down, backward and fully clothed on the bed without even bothering to answer her question.

"Damn, he really IS tuckered out, isn't he? Oh boy, looks like this is the perfect opportunity for me to get a good old whiff'n'taste of those scrumptious little rapper-dog TOOTSIES of his, ain't it?" Lammy thought mischievously to herself, grinning maliciously and rubbing her hands together like a dirty little fly while Guru Ant made his way through Parappa's inner ear and finally reached his surprisingly good-sized (wrinkly, fleshy, spongy, veiny) little brain, which he then proceeded to immediately crawl straight into and sneakily take control over Parappa's body via the central nervous supercomputer lodged into the inner frontmost portion of his frontal lobe.

"I know I really shouldn't be doing this, but god DAMN, I can literally smell those sweaty stinking feet all the way through his freaking big-ass size-twelve SHOES from several feet away; OH DEAR GOD, YUM!" Lammy whispered excitedly to herself, erotically panting and drooling at the mouth and lasciviously licking her lips at the mere thought of it as she slowly and quietly tiptoed her way over to where her adorable little stepbrother was currently lying sound asleep on the bed, with her arms outstretched in front of her in a profoundly zombie-like fashion while her fingers maliciously wiggled like those of...well...how do I say this without blatantly stating the obvious... (sigh)...a complete and utter pedophile. By the way, did I mention that the water she had served Parappa earlier was secretly laced with sleeping pills?

"Alright, so first we take off his pretty little shoes..." Lammy whispered nervously to herself, glancing rapidly back and forth to make sure that no one else (besides the complete degenerate perverts managing the security camera monitor room down in the basement of the apartment building, that is) was watching as she gently grabbed each of Parappa's shoes by the heel with both hands and slowly, carefully slipped them right off one after the other, revealing his exceptionally smooth white (and reeking, and almost-greenishly yellowed from sweat buildup) socks.

"NEXT, WE JUST...JUST...OH SWEET REEKING HEAVENS, THESE SOLES...DEAR LORD, THE TEMPTATION...I MUST RESIST...I...MUST...RESIST...ah, fuck it, no one's watching me do this anyway, so who cares?!" Lammy laughed smugly underneath her breath as she grabbed Parappa's socks by the toe ends and cleanly yanked them right off, revealing his big, juicy, sweaty, glistening, reeking, silky-smooth, five-toed, white-painted-toenailed, gorgeously wrinkled and creased, adorably playful and youthful teenage boy soles as he began involuntarily wiggling his sexy little rapper toes, being an absolutely shameless tease without even knowing it while Lammy held his stinky sweaty socks right up against her nose and inhaled so deeply that the stench particles traveled all the way up her nostrils and went straight into the numerous pleasure centers of her brain, causing her to moan arousedly and gently, briefly begin fingering herself as a result.

"OH yeah, you folks reading this shit DAMNED better believe that if nothing else, THIS shit right

here is most DEFINITELY my fetish!" Guru Ant laughed smugly in his world-renownedly, flat-out ridiculously deep and sexy jazz voice as he eagerly sprang upright in his seat and used his not two but FOUR hands to operate Parappa's manual brain controls with immense ease.

"OHH...OOH, YES...WAIT, WHAT THE HELL?! OH PLEASE, I CAN EXPLAIN, I CAN EXPLAIN!" Lammy moaned and murred adorably with pleasure as she kneeled down right in front of Parappa and began intensely worshipping his ever-so-weirdly cute and sexy little feet, then suddenly doubled over backward and covered her mouth humiliatedly with both hands in absolute shock as the little pup suddenly woke right up...only not quite, as Lammy could already very clearly see that both of the poor kid's eyes were still closed rather tightly.

"Oh dear sweet Sunny Christ, it's like a dream CUM true...Lammy's here to FINALLY let me have sex with her, once and for all..." Parappa gasped and began rapidly panting in highly aroused surprise, drooling at the mouth, eagerly tossing the remaining shirt-and-shorts portion of the non-hat-related portion of his clothes right off and stripping himself completely buck-naked from head to wiggly little toes while Lammy also somewhat reluctantly stripped herself naked as well.

"Leave it to Lammy..." Lammy erotically whispered to Parappa as he playfully teased Lammy with his soft, sweaty, wrinkly soles, curling his toes and scrunching them with glee as his own big stepsister began sluttily licking them up and down from the heels to the toes and everything in between, causing Parappa to loudly sigh and moan with sensual relief.

"Yeah, suck 'em like you suck Katy's teats! Now THAT right there is EXACTLY what I'm talking about if you ask me!" Parappa chuckled dominantly as Lammy reluctantly, embarrassedly lived up to her nickname and wholesomely jammed Parappa's sexy little tootsies into her mouth one after the other, sucking and sucking and sucking on his long, bony toes with a sort of orgasmic intensity that was usually rarely seen outside of her world-renowned five-dollar blowjobs.

"OOH...so this is what it feels like when two of the most beloved and successful musicians in the world collide in such an erotic manner as this..." Lammy moaned excitedly with pleasure as she tightly squeezed Parappa's adorably soft and squishy (yet massive) little feet with her bright-red-painted-fingernailed hands, kneaded her thumbs deeply into his marble-smooth soles and arches and forcefully brushed her fingers over the bony, veiny tops of his big bare feet, smearing her ooey-gooey, brightly glistening saliva all over them and thus giving them a beautiful spit-shine in the process while Parappa then proceeded to grab her head by the horns (well, after he was finally done giggling and fidgeting about from how much Lammy's luxuriously pampering treatment of his cute little tootsies tickled, that is) and flip its top right open, revealing her lovely, lovely little brain in all of its spongy, convulsing, pulsating glory.

"The inner machinations of my mind seem to be going through some rather...mmm, how do I put it...INTERESTING neural fluctuations right now..." Lammy moaned and sighed with relieved delight, summoning her iPhone right out of thin air and excitedly browsing through her recent Twitter feed in order to artificially stimulate the incredibly intricate and underestimated complex inner workings of her brain while Parappa was busy lovingly massaging and squeezing it with his ever-so-wonderfully dexterous hands, rubbing his pungently dirty, nasty and sweaty feet all over it, and passionately licking it all over with his slimy, dripping, sopping-wet tongue.

"Man, talk about me giving you a freaking HEADACHE!" Parappa laughed and snorted merrily like the disgusting misogynistic pig that Tumblr would most likely later end up falsely accusing him of being as he began thrusting his already-rapidly-hardening erection directly into Lammy's cerebral cortex, feeling the orgasmically delicate sensation of her wrinkly nervous tissue squishing and sliding disgustingly against his rock-hard, violently throbbing shaft, until finally...

"DO YOU BELIEEEEEEEEEEVE IN LIFE AFTER LOVE?!" Parappa shrieked in unbelievable orgasmic pain as the massive sperm-stream that he had just violently ejaculated from his penis at full throttle ended up conducting the electricity from Lammy's brain in addition to the massive amount of static that was already being conducted through his fur, causing all of his hairs to stand up straight on end and frying him into a neatly, cartoonishly charred living crisp...and also seeping its way deep into a certain strictly forbidden sub-network of neural pathways that controlled her sex drive, causing it to officially go COMPLETELY out of control!

"Oh sweet JAYEEZUS, this is going to be so much fun..." Guru Ant moaned excitedly to himself, setting Parappa's brain to autopilot, kicking back lazily in his chair, crossing his legs smugly and grabbing his firmly erect dick tightly with not one but BOTH of his right hands while Parappa The Rapper and Um Jammer Lammy made only the absolute sugary-sweetest of sweet, sweet love to each other.

"Hey, Parappa, remember that time when you told me that size wasn't everything?" Lammy asked her little stepbrother curiously, cocking an eyebrow inquisitively at him as she spoke.

"Um...yes?" Parappa replied nervously, already beginning to tremble in fear a little.

"Also, do you remember that ONE time in particular when you went inside my freaking BRAIN and took control over my body to fucking GANG-RAPE me nearly to DEATH, you freaking DICKWAD?!" Lammy raised her voice furiously at him, tackling him face-up on the bed and threatening to punch him brutally in the face if he didn't finally look up to meet her GAZE for once rather than her big dangling boobs.

"UM...Y-Y-YES?!" Parappa stammered in terror, his entire body quaking in cowardly bed-pissing fear...yes, believe it or not, he actually LITERALLY wet the bed, making Lammy even more unsettlingly furious as a result.

"Alright, THAT'S it, DOG-piss-for-brains, you've officially pushed me to the absolute LIMIT...of my stinking BDSM fetish, that is!" Lammy laughed uproariously as she swiftly grabbed Parappa right by the big drooping ears and forcefully yanked him face-first into her dainty, sexy little soles.

"Oh god, Lammy, why must you ALWAYS do this to me? What did I ever do to YOU?!" Parappa whimpered and sobbed pathetically as he submissively groveled beneath Lammy and licked her feet until every last square inch of them was sparkling-clean enough to almost literally show his reflection.

"Oh, I dunno, YOU tell ME! Preferably after you're done sucking my lovely little TOES like you fucking suck Matt's goddamned DICK every OTHER night, you little shithead!" Lammy roared lividly at Parappa as she summoned a bondage whip right out of thin air and began angrily flogging him with it as he continued worshipping her feet, sucking her gorgeous rosy-red-painted toes like rainbow-colored lollipops and crying bittersweet tears of both pleasure and immense pain all the while.

"I...I really do STILL deserve this for what I did to you all of those long and hard months ago after all, don't I..." Parappa sighed dejectedly as Lammy forcefully pressed her reeking, filthy feet and squirming toes deeply into his helplessly, hopelessly, adorably writhing and squirming little lop-eared puppy face, creating an even more noticeable PHYSICAL depression in the mattress.

MEANWHILE, DEEP INSIDE PARAPPA'S HEAD...

"Mmm, what an astonishingly well-put-together thinking muscle he's got here!" Guru Ant moaned and blushed with delight as he finally finished crawling around all over the exterior of Parappa's

brain, positioned himself directly above his limbic system, took a page or two from the poor pup's very recently rewritten book and began forcefully...ahem...PLUGGING himself into his brain while Lammy was busy erotically trampling Parappa with her incredibly beautiful feet.

"OH...OHHHHHH...OHHHHHHHH, SWEET STEVIE WONDER ON A UNICYCLE, THAT FELT SO GODDAMNED MINDFUCKINGLY AMAZING..." Guru Ant moaned orgasmically, drooling intensely at the mouth as he fiercely ejaculated his hypnotically powerful ant pheromones directly into the sexual-desire-regulation areas of Parappa's brain, then crawled back inside, swung and leapt for joy on the vast network of neural transmission cords contained within its interior, and finally kicked back in his seat and crossed his legs at Parappa's manual control center yet again, still looking every bit as handsomely smug and mischievous as ever as Parappa's innermost desire to fuck Lammy suddenly went COMPLETELY off the rails on a crazy train!

"Mmm...you know what? GET OUT YOUR DILDO, CAUSE I'M JUST ABOUT READY TO FUCK YOU LIKE A RENTED MULE, GIRL!" Parappa laughed maniacally as he pushed Lammy's domineering foot off of his face with all of his might, reached underneath the bed and pulled out Lammy's dearly treasured guitar-shaped dildo (that she had won about two years ago as a reward for making over a hundred thousand dollars' worth of moolah within about the first month or so of her prostitution career) and forcefully strapped it right onto her crotch, causing her to flatteredly blush from cheek to cheek all the more due to her current uber-tsundere mental state as Parappa got down on his hands and knees and teasingly wagged and wiggled his tail and butt cheeks at her, spanking himself just to shamelessly tease her even more.

"So, Lammy...whaddaya THINK? Would you like to do me DOGGY-style? Maybe even play FIREFIGHTER with my phallic HOSE? What'll it be, you adorable little SLUT?" Parappa asked Lammy seductively, panting and drooling intensely with delight while his big stepsister did the same.

"Jesus Christ, brother, look who's freaking TALKING! Can anyone say HYPOCRITE?" Lammy chuckled snidely as she scooped Parappa up into her loving arms and began playfully ramming her dildo right into his lovely, blisteringly tight little asshole, causing him to uncharacteristically growl and roar with arousal.

"Say...speaking of hippos, did anyone ever tell you how WONDERFULLY big and beautiful of an ass you just so happen to have? AHH, just like your equally sexy and adorable feet!" Lammy continued laughing, moaning and bleating orgasmically as she filled Parappa's butt with her love.

"Wow, Lammy, I didn't realize you were THIS madly in love with me! Jesus, what the hell's gotten INTO you?" Parappa gasped and blushed embarrassedly in shock as Lammy began licking his ass cheeks, then inserted her tongue deeply into his butthole and began fervently passing her wet, sloppy tongue over the INSIDE of it, admiring the sheer amount of cum that she had just violently squirted into it while Parappa continued moaning with orgasmic pleasure.

"Again, how should I know, big boy? You tell ME what the hell's gotten into YOU, ya cheeky little bastard!" Lammy laughed as she herself got down on her hands and knees and invitingly welcomed Parappa to come over and slide his ACTUAL penis down HER asshole as well.

"Looks like I really HAVE planted one hell of a seed in this poor kid's mind after all..." Guru Ant sighed, blushing regretfully as Parappa began intensely, passionately buttfucking Lammy to kingdom cum.

"Yeah, THAT'S right! Your semen is in my MINNNDDDD!" Lammy yelled valiantly as the fleshy, meaty shaft of Parappa's gloriously long and stiffened dog penis began viciously, savagely grinding and sliding against her deliciously soft, tender and oh-so-squishy rectal tissue.

"LEAVE IT TO...PARAPPAAA!" Parappa screamed orgasmically at the tops of his lungs as he squirted almost half a cup of tasty, tasty dog sperm into Lammy's anus, then reluctantly, shamefully retracted his still-dripping erection from said anus, lowered his face down into it and began lovingly, erotically licking his own sperm right out of it with his moist, slobbery tongue.

"Drink it in, pal, cause this is a MORAL DEGENERACY taste right here if I EVER tasted one!" Lammy laughed merrily, looking eagerly behind herself and patting Parappa lovingly on the head with her feet as he sassily spanked her brightly blushing, rosy-red ass with delight.

"Oh my DEAR, what are you doing NOW, you adorable little SCAMP?" Lammy gasped and blushed intensely with surprise as Parappa flopped down onto his belly, crawled right up in-between her temptingly outstretched legs and began frantically, senselessly jamming his penis straight into her tight, soggy, surprisingly flexible lamb pussy as if it were Sunny Funny's mouth.

"Lammy, I love you so much that I honestly don't even know what to say...well, that is, besides LET'S MAKE BABIES TOGETHER AND LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER!" Parappa laughed maniacally, closing his eyes and briefly ascending into an almost-supernatural Zen state as he imagined his current...rather morally questionable (to say the least) sexual adultery escapade with Lammy was, in fact, literally the so-called Big Bang that procreated the universe.

"BAA-HA-HA-HA-HA! Goddamnit, Parappa, you literally just brought out the filthy ANIMAL in me!" Lammy scolded Parappa angrily, blushing embarrassedly as she continued moaning, murring and bleating with arousal while Parappa continued pounding her pussy all the way into his uterus with his meaty, veiny, audibly throbbing member, until finally...finally...FINALLY...

"OHHHHHHHH MY GODDDDDDD!" Parappa and Lammy both simultaneously, collectively screamed at the tops of their lungs with pleasure as the former cummed so hard and so plentifully into the latter's birth canal that it actually began oozing and dripping right out onto his cock.

CHAPTER 2

"Gee WHIZ, Parappa, don't you think that maybe, just MAYBE, you MIGHT be taking this shit just a LITTLE too far?!" Lammy turned her nose up and nearly retched in secretly aroused disgust as Parappa grabbed her beautifully long and slender, maleficently curved and outstretched bare legs, lowered his head straight down into her vaginal opening and began playfully licking the inside of her vagina like a dog (in laymen's terms, eating her right the fuck out).

"Aw, but this tastes so DELIGHTFULLY sweet and satisfying; honestly, girl, why would I EVER want to stop something this enjoyable? I want you and me to be together FOREVER, girl! I'm talking about NO getting tired, woman!" Parappa began rambling derangedly while Lammy regretfully looked away, blushed humiliatedly from a certain self-awareness (that Parappa very clearly lacked) of how incredibly awkward her current sexual predicament really was.

"That's what they ALL say..." Lammy sighed shamefully, stroking her beautifully ladylike red hair with her lustrously-bright-red-nail-polished fingers and moaning with arousal as Parappa made her cum yet again from how astonishingly hard he had just been licking her vagina.

"Alright, whaddaya wanna do next, sister?" Parappa asked Lammy eagerly, finally retracting his wet, soggy, estrogen-dripping face from Lammy's vagina and bouncing happily on the bed with excitement as Lammy extended out her long, thin and shiny legs toward him and teasingly wiggled her beautiful, ever-so-delightfully-curvy-and-sculpture-like feet and toes right in his easily impressionable, adorably youthful and fluffy little face, causing him to pop an instant boner and blush intensely with surprise as she then suddenly lowered them down onto the bed and placed the left one of them right on top of his veiny, throbbing, firmly erect doggy dick!

"Wow, how UDDERLY humiliating...should I...do you think perhaps I oughta return the favor to you with my OWN sexy little five-toed feet?" Parappa hung his ears beside himself in absolute shame and dejectedly asked Lammy, causing her dildo to suddenly instantaneously harden into an almost literally diamond-like state of sheer hardness just from the mere passing thought of such a thing.

"Um...s-sure, why not? I mean, w-whatever m-makes y-you h-happy, I s-suppose..." Lammy fidgeted and stammered shyly, twiddling her fingers and wiggling her surprisingly long and flexible toes adorably as Parappa gently wrapped his equally long and flexible little toes around the tough rubbery neck-shaft of Lammy's guitar-dildo and began slowly but steadily stroking it up and down while Lammy wrapped her own gleamingly painted toes around Parappa's REAL shaft, feeling its veiny, throbbing pulse against the tips of her soles as the footfucking finally began.

"OH Lammy, what would my game series ever be without you?" Parappa moaned ecstatically with arousal as Lammy's luxuriously glimmering toes began rapidly working his shaft up and down; honestly, he already felt like his dick was just about ready to explode and violently spray gratuitous oodles of noodles of delicious cum all over the goddamned place (like a fire hydrant spraying water, for lack of a more comedically fitting metaphor to describe it) yet again.

"Eh...probably mediocre and forgettable at best when you look past all of the hype surrounding it, just like your career in and of itself..." Lammy smarmily chuckled and moaned with delight as Parappa's pungently dirty and sweaty rapper toes playfully stretched her dildo up and down like Silly Putty, coating it in their slimy, grungy filth from bulky tip to stringy base and causing her face to redden with humiliated arousal from knowing how long (before he had even become legally aged) she had already very clearly been doing this with him, as was evidenced by how undeniably gracefully and thoroughly the two of them were fucking each other literally from head to toe on that otherwise rather peaceful and unassuming night in Parappa Town.

"Try saying that to how unbelievably cute and adorable my FACE is, sister!" Parappa laughed even harder as Lammy's feet began stroking his cock up and down even faster than before.

"Alright, listen up, pal; I'm giving you approximately TEN SECONDS to sincerely take that statement back and finally ADMIT once and for all that I'm cuter than you! Trust me, you'll know that time's up when your dick completely EXPLODES all over my lovely sexy feet, so get to work swallowing your pride before you end up having to swallow your own freaking CUM instead, you little dickhead!" Lammy laughed heartily as she and Parappa increased the speed and force of their footjobs to maximum capacity and eagerly began counting their way down to blastoff.

"TEN..." Lammy breathed out a huge puff of steaming-hot air and began feverishly sweating as her panting, drooling face began to contort into all kinds of grotesquely aroused expressions from how astonishingly hard Parappa's feet were fucking her dildo while Parappa did the same.

"NINE..." Parappa moaned, daydreaming disgustingly passionately and awkwardly about guzzling down a whole concentrated bucket of Lammy's foot sweat while Lammy dreamt about drinking Parappa's in very much the exact same gluttonous, carcinogenic manner.

"EIGHT..." Lammy panted, drooled and moaned as the two of them tightened their grips.

"SEVEN..." Parappa also panted, drooled and moaned with excitement as he suddenly realized EXACTLY what Lammy's so-called "punishment" was actually most likely going to be in reality.

"SIX..." Lammy chuckled as she used her right foot to teasingly heel Parappa right in the gonads, causing him to whimper and moan in both pain and extreme arousal as the end finally neared.

"FIVE...FOUR...THREE...TWO...ONE..." Parappa and Lammy began counting down as their feet began to progressively make each other's penises more and more unbearably excited, until finally...

"OHHHH, YEAHHH! Dear God, we're making such a MESS of ourselves!" Parappa and Lammy sluttily giggled and teased each other as they both egregiously sprayed rather generous (to say the least) portions of beautiful, shimmering cum all over each other's gorgeous, naked bodies...or more specifically, the orgasmically soft and sexy feet OF said naked bodies

"Lammy, for God's sake, I'm begging you; PLEASE do not EVER tell my parents about this!" Parappa pathetically begged Lammy, groveling pitifully beneath her and slavishly licking his own semen right off of her glistening, finely creased and wrinkled bare soles while she just merely crossed her arms over her chest and smirked with amusement at the sheer sight of it.

"Parappa, for crying out loud; if you weren't such a goddamned sniveling pussy, we would probably already be an official PORN COUPLE by now!" Lammy began laughing and crying maniacally as she herself reached in with her own almost-equally-rabidly-drooling tongue and began cleaning HER own gooey, slimy GIRL cum right off of HIS scrumptiously sexy bare soles.

"WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA WHOA, for fuck's sake, just CAN it already, Lammy! You're talking CRAZY!" Parappa did the jazz hands and gasped in shock while Lammy gave him a complimentary smooch right on the ball of each one of his tantalizingly smooth and moist little tootsies.

"Well yeah, because after all, crazy KIND OF IS the name of my freaking GAME, don't ya think?" Lammy asked Parappa teasingly as he...yes, HE HIMSELF...kissed the guitar-playing lamb's bare, wiggling feet (yes, with his wet, sloppy lips).

"Alright, Lammy, just one more thing before we go to sleep...what'll it be?" Parappa asked Lammy curiously as the latter jumped straight into her bed, pulled the covers over herself and teasingly beckoned with her middle finger (still panting, drooling and blushing every bit as intensely as ever all the while, no less) for Parappa to hop in and get down under and dirty with her.

"Take a WILD guess, buddy!" Lammy snickered mischievously as Parappa ecstatically leapt into the air and performed a stunningly graceful swan dive straight into the covers and unhesitatingly got right down to business, as if the two of them hadn't done enough naughty and kinky shit with each other already...aw, who am I kidding, it's NEVER enough for you sick nasty fucks, IS IT?!

"Oh, Lammy, how I absolutely freaking ADORE you..I mean, I obviously don't WANT to admit it to her, but even Sunny ain't got shit on you...hell, even I MYSELF ain't got shit on you..." Parappa reluctantly, embarrassedly admitted as he crawled underneath the bedsheets covers with Lammy and began erotically making out with her to a quite frankly jaw-dropping extent that even her makeouts with her actual girlfriend (Katy Kat, of course) rarely EVER reached.

"Aw, shh shh, it's okay, it's alright...you don't need to worry about that, sweetheart, I've got you even more covered than these bedsheets could ever even HOPE to get you..." Lammy whispered and breathed loudly into Parappa's ear, flicking her inexplicably size-and-length-adjustable tongue deep inside it, licking the wax right out of his ear canal and even getting herself a nice, bony little taste of his eardrum, then finally taking it all the way through the inner ear into his brain, passing it right along said diligently throbbing and pulsating brain's wrinkly, fleshy surface and lovingly, meticulously, orally stimulating every last one of its external pleasure centers, coating the whole damned thing in her ever-so-delightfully-warm-and-gooey-and-sticky saliva while Parappa did the exact same to her (and also while Guru Ant was busy lovingly licking, worshipping and crawling around on the even more frightfully delicate INSIDE of his poor blissfully unaware brain, no less).

"MAN, if this wonderfully soft, wrinkly, easily manipulated and spacious little BRAIN of his ain't the PERFECT place for me to secretly lay me some of those good old-fashioned eggs o' mine while he's not looking, then I honestly don't know WHAT is!" Guru Ant laughed, barefootedly sneaking his way through the fascinating jungle gym of nerve connection wires contained within Parappa's brain until he finally reached his hypothalamus (in laymen's terms, one of THE most immensely important, delicate and fragile parts of his central nervous system), at which point he stripped himself even more naked than he already was (in other words, took off his hat), internally set his penis to egg-laying mode and began gently yet passionately thrusting it into his...well, whatever the fuck a hypothalamus is supposed to be, don't ask me.

(HINT: It's connected directly to the pituitary gland, which regulates hormone production.)

"You know that certain feeling that you get when you suddenly almost instantaneously KNOW for a fact that you've officially met the girl of your dreams? Well, some people might dismiss that as nothing more than just plain old puppy love, but YOU, my dear friend, have OFFICIALLY proven them wrong, and I absolutely HATE to freaking love you so goddamned much for it, but I just simply cannot HELP myself!" Parappa began moaning and gasping for dear life from how ridiculously aroused he was, with Guru Ant having once again kicked his sexual hormones into overdrive from within as he and Lammy cuddled themselves together, felt around all over each other's cute and sexy bodies and began wetly, sloppily, drippingly french-kissing each other.

"HA! See, what did I tell you? FUCK your stupid parents! I'm the only parenthood you are EVER going to need, not to mention the only actually COMPETENT parenthood that you're ever going to GET!" Lammy laughed and sobbed dementedly, unable to fight back against her completely overpowering primal urges as she and Parappa lovingly curled themselves right up together into 69 position and lovingly sucked each other's dicks with a true passion that only the absolute closest of lifelong friends could truly deliver to each other.

"Aww, but what would our REAL girlfriends say if they caught us doing this? Did you ever think about THAT?" Parappa asked Lammy worriedly, crawling out from beneath the covers and nervously laying himself face-up on the mattress with his dick still proudly pointing straight up for the whole world to see as Lammy excitedly zeroed right in between his adorably stubby, exhaustedly splayed-out legs for the sexual kill of a lifetime (actually, make that TWO lifetimes).

"Shh, FORGET about that; you're MY adorable little puppy sex slave from now on, don't you EVER forget that!" Lammy dominantly teased Parappa, winking, sticking her tongue at him and once again smugly shooting him the middle finger as she nakedly plopped herself face-down onto the bed right front of Parappa, where her romantic gaze immediately met his with almost literally soul-piercing precision and depth, causing Parappa to feel rather...taken aback, to say the least.

"Um, (Jammer) Lammy? No offense, but I'm pretty sure that even MY big meaty dick can't take much more of this abuse...seriously, are you SURE it's not going to fall off at this point?" Parappa asked Lammy even more worriedly than before, covering his mouth and wincing at the mere thought of what he had just described while Lammy smugly reapplied her glittery pink lip gloss, leaned forward and placed the base of Parappa's horse-cock-sized dick RIGHT in between her deliciously plump and juicy breasts.

"Come on, Parappa, RELAX, it's penis-sucking time! And this ain't just ANY kind of dick-sucking, mind you; oh no no no no, this shit right here is some seriously fucking ADVANCED cock-sucking if you ask me!" Lammy snickered jubilantly as she reached out with her left hand and gently clasped her gorgeously nail-polished fingers around the veiny, throbbing midsection of Parappa's shaft, feeling his pulse more so than ever before as she then proceeded to finally, last but most definitely not least, lower her glittery-hot-pink-lipped mouth straight down onto the tip of

Parappa's scrumptiously meaty still-firmly-erect cock and give him the ride of a lifetime.

"OOOOOH...OHHHHHHHH...AHHHHHHHH...OH GOD, WHAT IS THIS UNBEARABLY SATISFYING FEELING...I JUST...I JUST CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE...SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP ME..." Parappa moaned with apparently unbearable pleasure and satisfaction, drooling just-as-intensely-as-ever at the mouth and blushing bright red from head to toe while Lammy savagely, brutally worked the base of his shaft with her tits, the midsection with her hands, and the lovely little hole-bearing tip of it all with her mouth, teasing over his foreskin with her tongue and seductively glaring at him with her almost unsettlingly long-eyelashed eyes sexily, teasingly half-shut all the while.

"Oh yeah, he's going to EXPLODE any second now...ANY second now...TEN...NINE...EIGHT...SEVEN...SIX...FIVE...FOUR...THREE...TWO...ONE..." Lammy began internally counting down to herself in her mind as she both physically and spiritually FELT Parappa's penis growing progressively more intensely stiffened and aroused by the millisecond, until finally, the long-awaited finishing climax of today's story (and Parappa's penis) was officially reached!

"SWEET MERCIFUL JESUS ON THE HOOD OF A MERCEDES-BENZ, THAT FELT HEAVENLY!" Parappa shrieked orgasmically at the tops of his ever-loving lungs, ejaculating so much hot, sticky cum into Lammy's mouth that the "poor girl's" digestive system literally could not handle the sheer amount that she had just drank (nah, just kidding; the problem was actually mostly just that she was deepthroating his cock WAY too hard), reflexively forcing her to vomit out a huge portion of it into her hands and then erotically smear it all over her naked body as bait for Parappa instead, with the remaining portion of it sluttishly dripping from her mouth all the while as she eagerly beckoned (with her middle finger, of course) for Parappa to do the finishing honors.

"Let us NEVER speak of this again, good friend..." Lammy sighed, reluctantly patting Parappa on the head while the poor confused kid began mindlessly, slavishly licking Lammy's buck-naked body spotlessly clean (of his OWN freaking semen, no less) from head to sexy little toes.

THE NEXT MORNING, AFTER LAMMY AND PARAPPA HAD FALLEN ASLEEP...

"Hey Lammy, what's going on in here?" Lammy's girlfriend Katy asked her (deliberately speaking too quietly for her to hear, just in case you were wondering) and walked into her apartment (that she had accidentally left unlocked the previous night, of course), with Parappa's girlfriend Sunny following along beside her (and with both of them carrying their own respective individual bundles of flowers for Lammy and Parappa, OF FREAKING COURSE) as she quietly walked into the master bedroom, noticing the huge, erotically moaning lump in the bedsheets as she covered her eyes with one hand and reluctantly yanked Parappa's and Lammy's bedsheets right off with the other, revealing...the latter laying atop the former's chest with his arms wrapped tightly around her, passionately and erotically sucking and lapping up the milk from her breasts?!

"OH MY FUCKING GOD, WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?!" Katy shrieked in terror as she saw Lammy's entire mattress soaked in sex-related bodily fluids, with Lammy and her own little stepbrother Parappa lying right in the midst of it together.

"HOLY CRAP! UM, T-TRUST US, W-WE CAN EXPLAIN! I-IT'S NOT W-WHAT IT L-LOOKS LIKE!" Parappa and Lammy collapsed onto the bed and screamed in a fit of panic, backing up frantically against the bed's headboard and covering their breastmilk-speckled, buck-naked chests with their pillows in a pitiful attempt to hide what they had just been caught doing with each other. (The fact that their fur was also severely ruffled certainly didn't help matters either.)

Too disgusted at this point to even say anything else, Katy and Sunny simply tossed their flower bundles forcefully onto the ground, stomped them into pieces, and then finally proceeded to nonchalantly walk backward out of the apartment, loudly slamming the door behind them.

"AIN'T WE STINKERS?" Parappa and Lammy kneeled onto the floor, hugged each other and sobbed, laughing and crying hysterically as the screen faded to black Looney-Tunes style.

THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!

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